

unlucky in love

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Summary:

eddie is jealous of richie and stan's friendship

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richie tozier and eddie kaspbrak were fifteen years old and wildly in love with each other, but neither of them knew it. whether they knew it themselves, that was up to interpretation. they both wanted the same things, they just hadn't admitted it to themselves yet. they wanted to kiss each other, softly underneath the stars. they wanted to watch scary movies and cuddle each other, richie holding eddie when he gets scared and playing with his hair to calm him down. they both want to have sleepovers and fall asleep in each others arms, go out to the movies just them two and accidentally graze hands.

those were the things the two boys fell asleep dreaming about, and yet if someone were to ask if they liked the other they would be quick to say NO. did they just not want the other to find out, were they scared of the truth, was it all of the above? no one could answer that, not even themselves.

what one of them could answer, more specifically eddie kaspbrak, was that yes he was jealous right now. his mother had sent him out to grab dinner, she had called in to the local diner and ordered herself a double cheeseburger and a chocolate milkshake, and eddie a kids burger with a vanilla milkshake. he was used to doing such things, picking up food, subscriptions, anything his mother needed and didn't see fit to go out and do on her own. he was her little bitch boy, in every sense of the word, even after all these years.

that was when it all started, this ongoing jealousy eddie was feeling forming in his gut. because as he walked in he saw the most horrific sight, stanley uris and richie tozier alone in *their* diner, in *their* booth, drinking *their* milkshakes. eddie felt betrayed, his man who was *not* his man was with someone else in *their* booth that was not *theirs*. he knew he was being unreasonable, and he didn't even know why he was feeling this way. richie and stan have been best friend their entire lives, even before richie and eddie met. of course they were going to hang out, and yet eddie still found himself sick to his stomach seeing them alone together, laughing and having fun. he grabbed his food and ran out before the two could notice him, and that was the beginning of eddie kaspbrak realizing his crush on richie tozier in the worst way possible.

he hates it, now all he can do is notice them two. notice how they always ride on their bikes *together* whenever they all meet up, notice how whenever richie makes a joke he always moves to high five *stan*. he hates it, and he finds himself more desperate for richie's attention than usual.

"hey richie, i heard the aladdin is having a double creature feature on friday, wanna go?" he asks, moving closer to him when the three boys are hanging out,

bright smile on his face. he doesn't know why he's feeling this way now, him and richie have always been best friends and do things like this, but now he feels something in his gut when he asks him and he doesn't know what it is (oh god is he getting sick?).

"sure, what about you stan? you coming?" richie answers, nonchalantly, and if he had been looking he would have seen eddie's face *drop*. *then* he would have seen the daggers he was shooting at stanley.

"sure, i don't have anything better to do." stan responds, and they go back to their regular conversation, leaving eddie feeling dejected and rejected.

it's friday night and the three boys walk into the theater, richie's in the middle of them with the popcorn on his laugh, cracking jokes non stop (even during the movie).

under most circumstances eddie would be telling richie to shut up, going off on him in whispers so as to not disturb the other people in the theater. today was different though, eddie was *still* vying for richie's attention, and found himself laughing hysterically at all his jokes. "wow, eddie's getting some good chucks today." richie said, laughing it off but being surprised, this was *not* how eddie usually acted.

then came the cuddling, slowly but surely with each jump scare eddie moved closer and closer against richie in hopes for his attention. he was desperate, he needed something, anything, an arm around him, some comfort for his 'fear'.

and yet he got nothing, richie did *nothing*, and now eddie wasn't desperate he was just *mad*.

of course he didn't know that richie was so flustered by eddie in his red shorts grabbing onto him whenever he got scared that he didn't know what to do.

neither of these boys are lucky in love.

eddie is so done with richie tozier, he is *livid* right now, and he doesn't even know why. what would he say if someone asked him why he was mad at richie? "oh, because him and his best friend since they were fucking born were hanging out so i didn't get enough attention from him.", yeah, he wasn't about to admit that.

he'd rather be passive aggressive towards richie than admit that, which is what he is currently doing. the losers club were in their clubhouse ben built back when they

were thirteen, and while richie and eddie usually sat next to each other eddie decided to sit as far from him as he can. he had ben to one side of him and bill to the other, looking across at his so called 'best friend' sitting next to stan the man. he could see the confusion on richie's face as he noticed his friend not next to him, but eddie just turned around and ignored it.

that's how the rest of the day went, any attempt of conversation between richie and eddie, eddie thwarted. everyone could see the tension between the two boys, and not the usual *sexual* tension. slowly the group thinned out, going home one by one, until it was just richie and eddie left. eddie realized his mistake of not leaving sooner, and before he could hop on his bike and avoid the situation richie stopped him.

"eds, what's going on?" he questioned, concern riddled all over his face, but this was richie tozier, he can't stay serious *that* long. "you don't love me anymore, eddie spaghetti?" he questioned in a baby like voice, wrapping his arms around his petite friend and resting his head on eddie's shoulder.

he swatted richie's hands off of him and whipped his body away from the boy, knowing if he kept holding him like that he'd forget why he was even mad. "don't call me eds, *or* eddie spaghetti!" he yelled in his small voice, anger in his eyes mixed with annoyance.

"seriously, eddie, what's going on?" richie questioned, and eddie wondered when he would crack a joke and forget about it all.

but that didn't happen, he was waiting for eddie's response.

"nothing's wrong, what are you talking about?" the boy spoke, his famous red shorts driving richie *crazy*.

"bullshit, you've been ignoring me and acting weird with me all day. spill it, eds." he didn't like having his best friend treating him like shit, especially when he was looking so damn cute and he just wanted to bend down and taste his lips.

"why do you even care?" eddie snapped, cringing, feeling like a walking cliché out of a john hughes movie.

richie rolled his eyes, so close to making a joke but knowing that would only infuriate his friend even more. "because you're my best friend, idiot."

"oh, i'm your best friend? i thought *stan* had that position already taken." he hissed, the same way his mother would at his friends.

it seemed to dawn on richie, just what it is that was bothering the boy, and that shit eating grin spread across his face, his full pink lips smirking towards his friend. "are you jealous, eddie my boy? jealous of stan the man uris? jealous of the bird boy?" he questioned, moving towards eddie.

eddie could feel the heat rush up to his cheeks, angry at richie *and* at himself. “jealous! of what? you really are an idiot if you think i’m jealous. there isn’t even anything to be jealous of.” he rambled for a bit, hiding his face from his taller friend.

“eddie’s jealous, eddie’s jealous!” he chanted, moving in to tickle his friend (which he knew he hated).

eddie’s laughter filled the air, forced from the tickles, but his face only showing disdain. “get your dirty paws off of me, richie! i am not jealous!” he tried to move away from those thin fingers tickling at his sides.

richie gave up, still standing close and towering over the boy, another eye roll making its way. “you can be so annoying eds, but i love you anyway. it’s okay to be jealous, i *know* you want me, but you don’t have to be. you know you’re my best friend, and the only one i want.” it was flirting that could mistake itself as teasing, which is what he hoped eddie would take it as.

he did, yet that still didn’t stop the blush from making its way across his face. “shut up, trashmouth.”

richie could feel the atmosphere going back to once again how it usually was, and he picked up his bike alongside eddie. “let me walk you home, i have been missing my eddie time.”

eddie turned to him, walking with his bike in hand until they got to the pavement, a small grin making its way upon his face. “i’d like that.”